

*Middle C. Club*



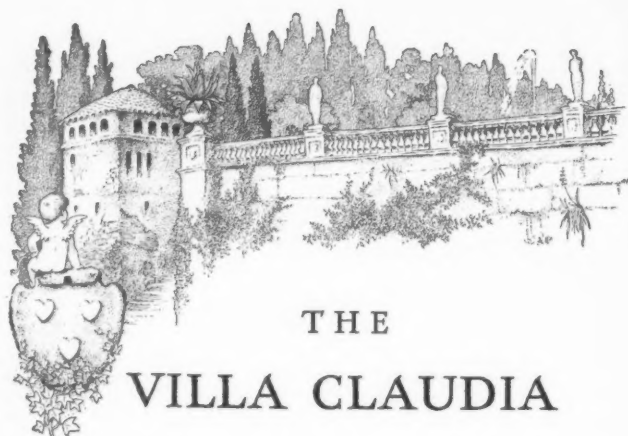
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*G. H. Wood*

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.



## THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By J. A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd,"  
"The Last American," "The Pines of Lory,"  
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HAVEN'T you often wished that you could sit down at the piano (when you happen to be in just the right mood, you know), and make it sing for you some old sweet melody that you heard years ago, or perhaps a bit from an opera, which recalls many pleasant memories, or possibly a certain lively cake walk or coon song, or dance, which is inseparably connected with the recollections of bygone happy days?

There may be no "Royal Road to Learning," but, thanks to modern inventive ability, there is a "Royal Road" to music, and with a Cecilian attached to your piano your wish comes true, and you can "Wander in Dreamland" as much as you please.

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Our booklet is very interesting and we'd like to send it to you. May we?

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London, England.

Detroit, Mich.

# LIFE



A STREET CROSSING—THE CHAUFFEUR'S POINT OF VIEW.

## Maxims of a Monopolist.



**I**F a business falls in line  
And opposes our combine,  
Buy it up!  
Do not stop to argufy  
On the wherefore or the why:  
Make them sell when you  
would buy—  
Buy it up!  
If some little private mill  
Grinds its corn against our  
will,  
Buy it up!  
Let the workers of a town  
Sink or struggle, float or drown—  
Take their mill and close it down—  
Buy it up!  
So it is in social life:  
If you want a handsome wife,  
Buy her up!

Little matter how you woo,  
Or the things you say or do—  
Let your money talk for you—  
Buy her up!

You can show that black is white;  
They will preach your wrong as right—  
Buy 'em up!  
If the laws defy your skill  
Introduce a Robbery Bill—  
There are Congressmen who will—  
Buy 'em up!

Wallace Irwin.

## Tongue-Tied Officers.

**THEY** do a thing in England that we ought to find some way of doing here. They let officers of the Army and the Navy go into Parliament and speak their minds there like free citizens. How they manage it we don't know—perhaps they give the Parlia-

mentarian officers leave of absence,—but in some way they do manage it.

Our soldiers and sailormen ought to have a chance to run for Congress, and, if they are elected, to speak their minds like other men who have minds. As it is, they never have any turn at free speech. Even when they go on the retired list, they must exercise a prudent reticence, and if they say anything that the President, or their Department heads, object to, they are in trouble at once. Discipline demands this rule, so far as active officers are concerned, but there ought to be some possibility of a let-up in it. To be hopelessly tongue-tied for a lifetime, without possibility of even temporary relief, seems a hard case for a free-born American voter to be in.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL XLIII. JUNE 9, 1904. No. 1128.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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WE have all talked so much about the negro problem that many of us have come to consider it as pretty much settled.

Our feeling is that everything there was to say has been said, and that everything that can be done is being done, and when all's said and done about any problem, we expect that problem to go ahead and work itself out. We read of the crops that negro labor has produced in the South, and of many million dollars' worth of property that negroes own, and we think things seem, on the whole, to be working pretty well for the negroes, and that it is time to talk about something else.

The last of the three articles that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page contributed to *McClure's Magazine* does not altogether sustain this optimistic sentiment. Mr. Page marshals some statistics, which seem to show that negro wealth is not increasing much in the South—not nearly so fast as negro population—while negro crime makes a very serious showing wherever the negro population is large. Mr. Page divides the negroes into three classes, of which he finds that the two relatively small upper classes are making good, upward progress, gaining in civilization and responsibility, and accumulating property. But his lowest class, which includes the bulk of the Southern

negroes, he finds not to be progressing, but, if anything, going backwards. The negroes that compose it he considers to be inferior in training, industry and character to the freedmen of forty years ago. They are seldom trained artisans, as many of the slaves were. Indeed, they are losing their hold on every branch of industry except agricultural labor, and they lack the thrift and the perseverance to profit as they should by that. There are millions of them now, and their numbers are increasing, and Mr. Page is by no means easy in his mind about their future or the future of the South in so far as it relates to them.

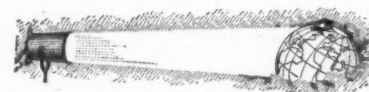


IF he is right—if the bulk of the Southern negroes are going backwards, getting lazier and more bumptious, losing self-control and learning to hate the whites, there is a sure-enough prospect of trouble ahead. It seems to be beyond question that the average negro does not go forward except under pressure of the white races. The Southern negroes made notable progress under slavery, and some of them reached a point where they could take care of themselves and rear children who would go forward. But if the mass of the negroes did not reach that stage under slavery, and their descendants have not reached it yet, we have to face a problem of many millions of generously reproductive American citizens who are slowly sinking back towards barbarism.

Of course that won't do. Every great class of American citizens has got to keep moving in the direction taken by the procession, even if it does not keep up with it. That a large negro population should be losing ground is no more tolerable in Mississippi or Alabama than it is in Hayti. Our institutions were designed for progressive races. If there is a large negro element that is not yet progressive, then there is an element that our institutions do not at present fit.

How retrogression on a large scale among the lower class negroes in the South is to be stopped, we don't know—possibly by compulsory industrial edu-

cation paid for by the Federal Government—but stopped it must be somehow. No more Hayties will ever be allowed to develop hereabouts.



WAR news at this writing is meagre but interesting. Rumors abound; facts are scarce; but there is no doubt that for the time being the current is running more favorably for the Russians. The sinking of the Hatsuse and Japan's other naval losses made a serious difference. The Japs at this writing seem desperately eager to capture Port Arthur, and it is natural that they should be, but it is a big job. Complaints that the Russians leave mines about carelessly in the high seas will not carry much weight until something else than a Japanese battleship runs against one of them. European critics of this Eastern war are overready to cry "Foul!" The French do so when the Russians are hurt; the English when the Japs suffer. The rule used to be that all's fair in war.



MISS THOMAS, the president of Bryn Mawr College, has been discussing the education of girls, and admits that only one-half of the girls who go to college ever marry. But that, she says, does not signify that college education in any respect affects the matrimonial prospects of girls, because the college girls come from a social class whereof only half the women marry. It is the intermediate class that is neither rich nor poor, the women of which do not marry unless they see in prospect a sufficient income to pay servants' wages and sustain the standard of living which servants imply. Everybody knows the matrimonial problem is somewhat perplexing to girls who are brought up to lean on cooks and housemaids, and who yet do not have fortunes of their own, but Miss Thomas' assertion that fifty per cent. of such ladies never marry is pretty startling and will be not a little disconcerting to parents.



## Heart to Heart Talks.

BY JOHN D. FOXYFELLER.

*Dear Little Boys and Girls:* I wish I could tell you how it makes me feel to see so many bright, fresh, young faces gathered before me. It takes me back to the time when I, too, was young; yes, not only young, but poor.

I hope it does not make you feel badly to think that I, whom you all know as the richest man in the world, was at one time poor. Because, you know, it is a good thing to be poor once in your lives.

Why, if I hadn't been poor once, I wouldn't have learned how to save my money. Now it is easy for me to do this, and saving your money is the greatest thing in the world.

There may be other things greater than this, but if there are, I have never run across them in the course of a long and checkered career.

Does any little boy know what a checkered career means? No, I thought not. There are, of course, different kinds of checkered careers, but the one I mean is where you collect as much money as possible without getting into jail.

Keep out of jail, little boys and girls, if you possibly can. The ventilation is poor, and your power of contributing to the church is too limited.

I want to take you into my confidence to-day, and I want to do it in such a way that you will reap the benefit. If you were older, I should not feel so much like doing this, because older people sometimes have money of their own, and this always secretly annoys me, so that I cannot act as natural with them as I can with you.

But I want you all to grow up and be useful men and women, like me. You cannot, of course, hope to do as much as I, or as many, or be as pious about it.

But you can try. And perhaps the best way I can help you is to show you a few of the things that are really important for you to know.

In the first place, do not neglect your Bible. It is not only a good book to read, but it is amusing, and you will need innocent amusements to take your mind off your work.

My little boy, John, has a Bible class all of his own, and he gets a lot of amusement out of it. So do other people.

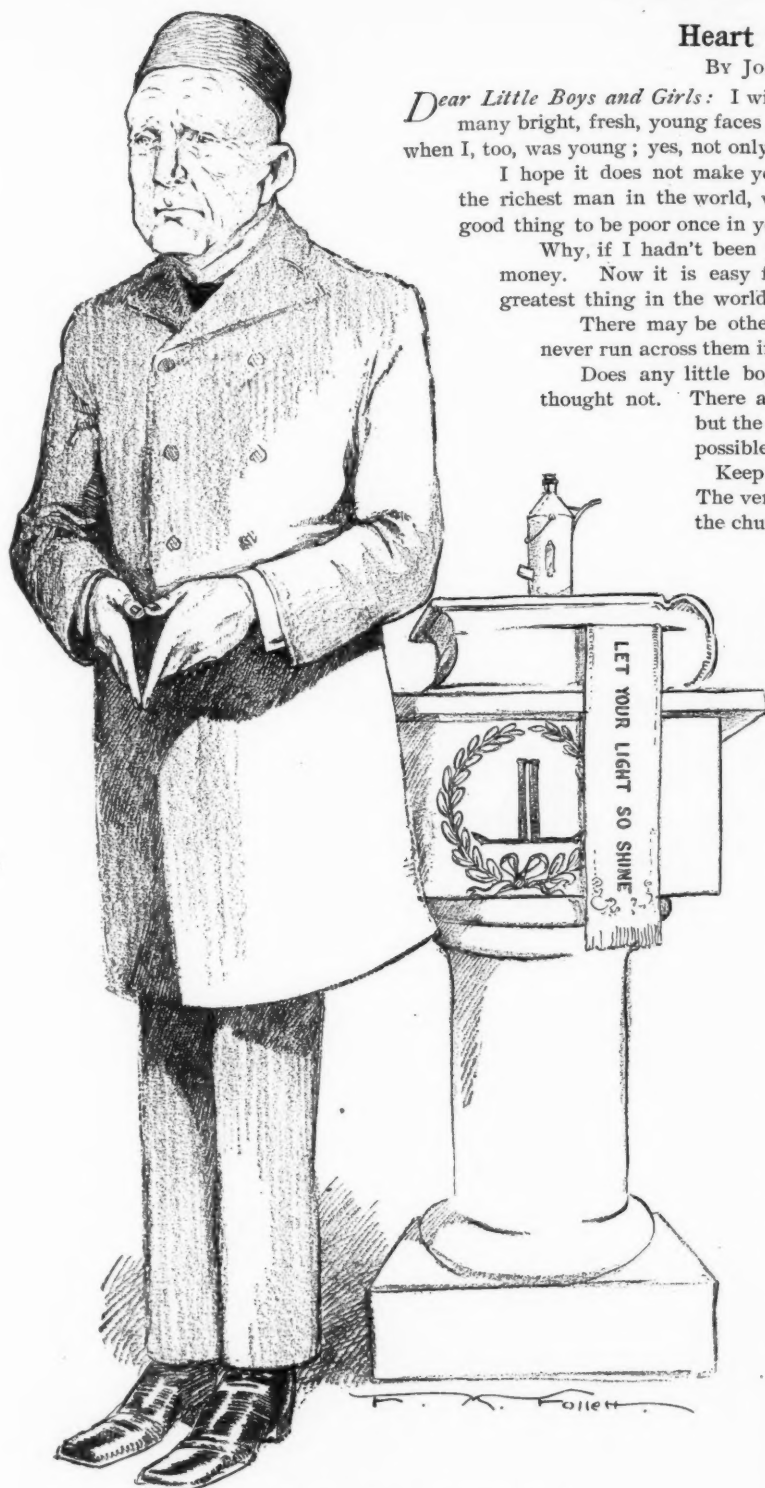
The main point is, not to take your Bible too seriously. And learn to discriminate in it between what is true and what is merely amusing.

When you read about the faithful steward, who not only saved his master's money, but got a good respectable rake-off for himself, that's true. But when you read about the difficulty of a rich man getting into heaven, that's only amusing.

Oh, yes, little boys and girls, the Bible is full of jokes, if only you know where to find them.

Then again, don't be afraid to be scorned by the world. As long as you have money enough, it's all right. A lot of people scorn me and think I'm a pretty tough proposition, but the Baptist Church and the Standard Oil Company compensate me for everything.

And while I am on this subject, let me advise you to belong to the Baptist Church as early as



"Keep out of jail, little boys and girls."



ONE OF THE RECRUITING GROUNDS FOR LIFE'S FARM.

possible. It's one of the few churches where the stock is watered, and I believe in watered stock, when there is oil enough to make a light shine on the waters.

Above all things, do not be discouraged. It was only a few years ago that I was a struggling bookkeeper in Cleveland, and now I own the earth. All you have to do is to have a sublime confidence in yourself, save your money, and be kind-hearted to the widows and orphans and get them all to sell out to you.

Only the other day I sat up for hours with a sick friend, whose mother's business I had absorbed, because I felt that, if it continued, the usefulness of the Standard Oil Company might be impaired. He needed my sympathy, and I gave it to him freely. Thus you see, my children, the value of leading a good life.

And, dear little ones, remember this: Money is something that, when people

leave this world, they cannot take with them.

What I have earnestly striven for is to prevent them from doing this. And while you cannot hope to succeed as well as I have done, you can try, remembering always that it takes two to make a bargain—the one who makes it and the one who gets left.

*Tom Masson.*

#### Prices.

**D**URING the year 1903, while rich Americans were giving seventy-six million dollars in charity, rich Englishmen were paying two hundred and fifty million dollars by way of inheritance and income taxes.

Thus our rich men get ten times the glory at less than one-third the cost.

Because we go in for protection, it does not follow that we believe in high prices for everything indiscriminately.

#### Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Balance on hand at close of season of 1903.....	\$2,964.62
Donald Blagden.....	2.25
Jack and Maggie.....	6.00
C. F. McCandless.....	15.00
The proceeds of a sale given by Priscilla Dexter, Junior Converse and Grovener Converse.....	3.52
Dividend on a legacy left to the Fresh-Air Fund by Julia H. Williams.....	60.00
Thomas Smidt.....	5.00
Proceeds of a fair held by some boys and girls at Gardner, Mass.....	5.00
The 1902 Sewing Club of Boston.....	7.00
Odd and End Shop, Farmington, Conn..	184.09
From "V".....	300.00
From a cancelled subscription.....	4.90
H. M. B.....	27.00
Eugene F. Bogert.....	10.00
From two classes of schoolboys.....	1.08
From "A Friend," H. S.....	100.00
A Theatre Club.....	12.90
Cash.....	100.00
	<hr/> \$3,808.36

**F**IRST MOSQUITO: What! Are you trying a black baby?

SECOND MOSQUITO: Yes, I'm in mourning.



"IF WISHES WERE HORSES BEGGARS WOULD RIDE."



THESE YOUNG PEOPLE FEEL THAT THEY ARE VERY NEAR TO ONE ANOTHER. SOMETHING WILL SOON HAPPEN THAT WILL MAKE THEM FEEL EVEN CLOSER. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS AND WHY IT WILL BRING THEM CLOSER TOGETHER?



### As Others See Us.

A DISTINGUISHED woman instructor of a Martian college was recently sent to Earth to make an especial study of woman, her manners and peculiarities, upon this globe. Being largely read in the literature of our sphere, she had already conceived an excellent theoretical idea of the object of her investigations, and was making this somewhat tedious and lengthy journey solely to verify it in fact. The following are a few extracts from her diary:

MONDAY: "Saw a huge bunch of violets with a young woman concealed

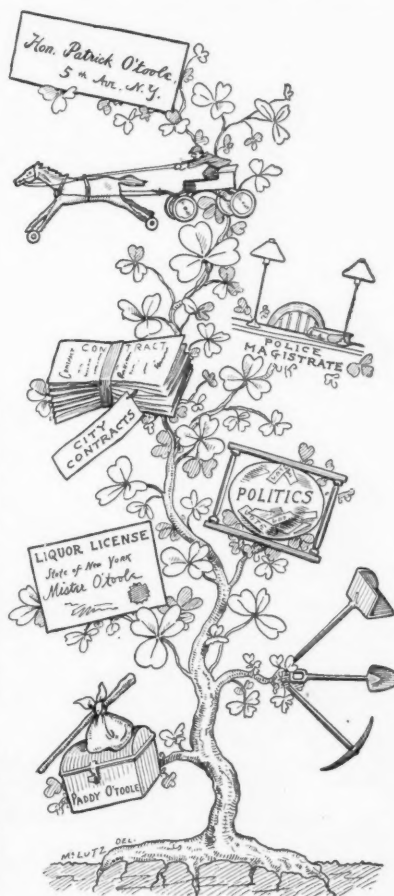
behind it enter a car this morning. Placing a number of wraps, a suit case, an umbrella, golf sticks, several magazines and a five-pound box of candy beside her, she paid for one seat while occupying five. The car filled rapidly with men and women, who clung to straps and bestowed baleful glances upon this complacent and unconscious young person, but lacked the courage to ask her to remove her luggage to the floor."

TUESDAY: "Attempted to study woman in her true habitat—the department store. A group of the species stood before the entrance laughing and talking. As I could not push through them, I endeavored to pass around them, but with a

signal lack of success, as they completely blocked every effort of that kind. Consequently, I accepted the inevitable, and waited patiently an hour and a half until they had finished their conversation. As the last one entered, I sought to pass in behind her; but she released the heavy, swinging door so suddenly that I received a severe blow, which caused a number of contusions upon my head and dislocated my shoulder."

WEDNESDAY: "Arrived a little late at the matinee and, to reach my chair, had to pass three women who were already seated. They looked me over insolently as I stood before them, and then absorbed themselves in their conversation. When, at last, they decided to allow me to enter, they sullenly arose, exchanging meanwhile disdainful remarks on the inconvenience to which they had been submitted."

THURSDAY: "Lost pocketbook containing all my money and my return ticket over the Trans-Aerial-Martian-



FAMILY TREE OF THE O'TOOLES.



Line, Limited. In my despair I sought the advice of three ladies who were intimate friends of friends of mine in Mars. Story was received with evident disbelief and with cold and frightened glances. No offers of assistance."

FRIDAY: "Rainy day. Woman walked up steps in front of me, with her umbrella thrust through her arm at right angles. Ferrule put out my left eye. Am informed this is a frequent occurrence."

SATURDAY: "Asked a great publisher why the angelic ladies of fiction are so different from the ladies of fact. He explained that women form the great bulk of the reading public, and that they demand flattering portraits."

P. S.—"Am glad to return to Mars."

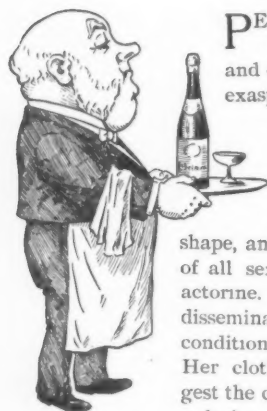
*Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

### Too Much.

THE Man of the Future sat back at ease in his luxurious armchair, his feet arranged before him along the lines of least resistance.

At his elbow was a keyboard that connected him with the outer world.

### The Actorine.



PERSONS who appear on the stage, and act, perform, posture, wriggle, dance and contort, for the pleasure, edification and exasperation of the audience, may be classified and differentiated as players, actors, artists, yaps and actorines, according to the size of their heads, the area of their mouths, the strength of their lungs, the perfection of their

shape, and the brilliancy of their brass. They are of all sexes, conditions and degrees, except the actorine. She is a lady, and indifferent to the dissemination of that fact. She makes her own conditions, and has many degrees of latitude. Her clothes are riotously audible; her hats congest the channels of civic navigation; her hair can only be viewed with blue glasses, except in the dark of the moon; and if her intimates are veracious, she has the digestive capacity and equipment of the camel and a thirst for dry wines, fabricated east of Suez.

Her clothes are made to be worn on the street, not the stage; when she appears on the boards she is emulous to screen few of her charms.

The actorine is not afraid of publicity; she believes that histrionically one press agent is worth two Shakespeares; she loses her diamonds frequently and her opportunities never, and she is thrown from autos constantly, before gossiping witnesses, who betray her to the press. She is married and divorced twice a month; elopes once a

He touched a button, and through a gold-mounted transmitter was thrust his morning paper. He touched another, and a tray containing his breakfast rose before him.

It seemed an easy thing to do. He had but to lift his finger.

A phonograph began calling off the opening of the stock market. A piano attachment gave out the strains of the latest opera. Three friends in distant parts of the Empire bade him good morning, and communicated some piece of gossip in response to his inquiry. He talked with the manager of his office, with his tailor, his airship maker, his architect.

With him it was indeed a busy day. Finally his head sank back. He was overcome by the unusual exertion. He looked worried.

His wife entered.

"What is the matter, dear?" she said. "Isn't everything all right?"

"No," replied the Man of the Future, testily. "I can't stand this pressure. I've simply got to have some one press these buttons for me."

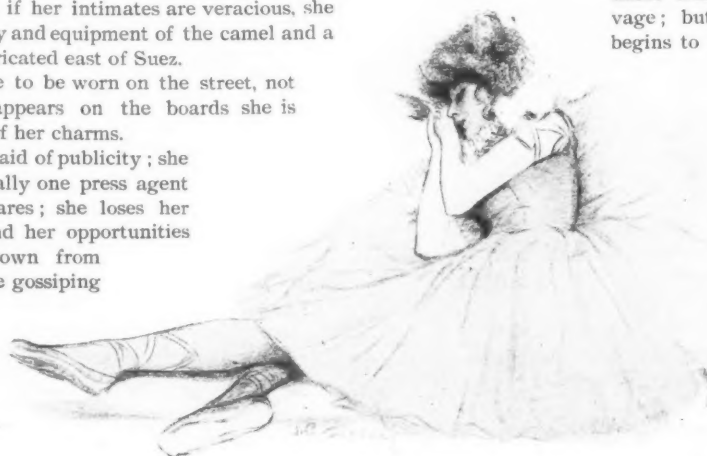
week with Yale and Harvard freshmen; is pursued day and night by noblemen anxious to kidnap her, and she has had many tender affairs with emperors and prize-fighters.

Having the gift of conversation, united with an inability to sing, her genius runs to comic opera, where fundamentals, not accidentals, count; she is always educated in a convent and intended for grand opera; frequently she has just inherited an enormous fortune from a heart-broken mining millionaire who has loved and lost her, and playwrights, poets and composers are madly competing to write the success of the age for her. She has a profound and technical knowledge of soaps, pianos, salves, breakfast foods, corn cures and blood purifiers, which she commends and recommends over her signature and under her portrait; and she claims to have been cured of spasms by Dr. Wigwag's Winnebago Wart Wash.

In August, she is coyly uncertain whether she will star under Burlesco, Krowman or Salvage; but by the time the frost begins to nip and the landlady is

suggesting a settlement, the gay and lovely actorine has consented to be one of eight ladies, who figure on the bills as forty, who will revel in one-night stands in the Oil Circuits as the Beautiful Barcelona Blondes, under Ike Nickelstein's management.

*Joseph Smith.*





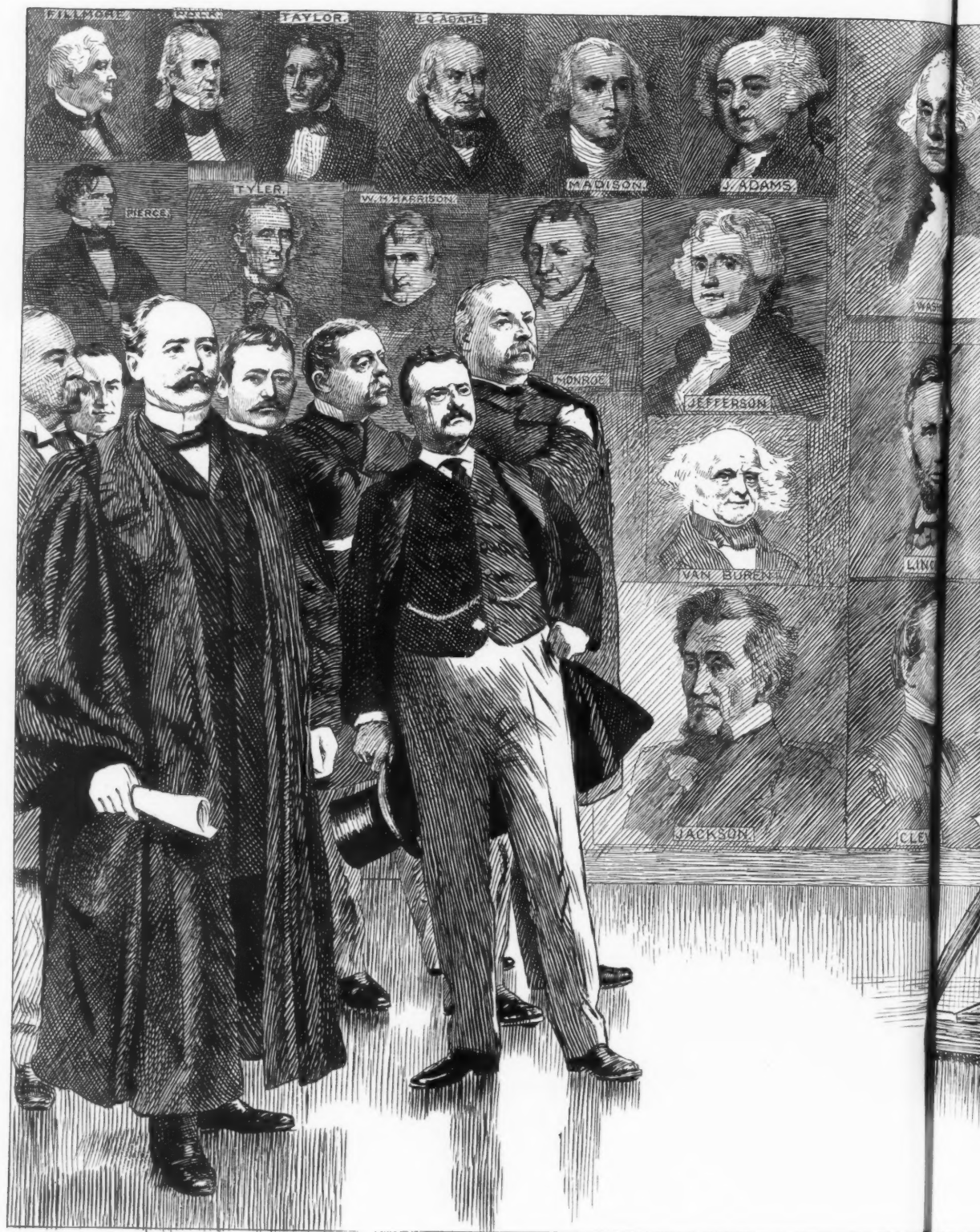
Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

*Mr. Eubedee:* YES, I'VE CHANGED A GOOD DEAL SINCE THEN, MRS. JONES.  
*Mrs. Jones:* AND FOR THE BETTER, I TRUST.

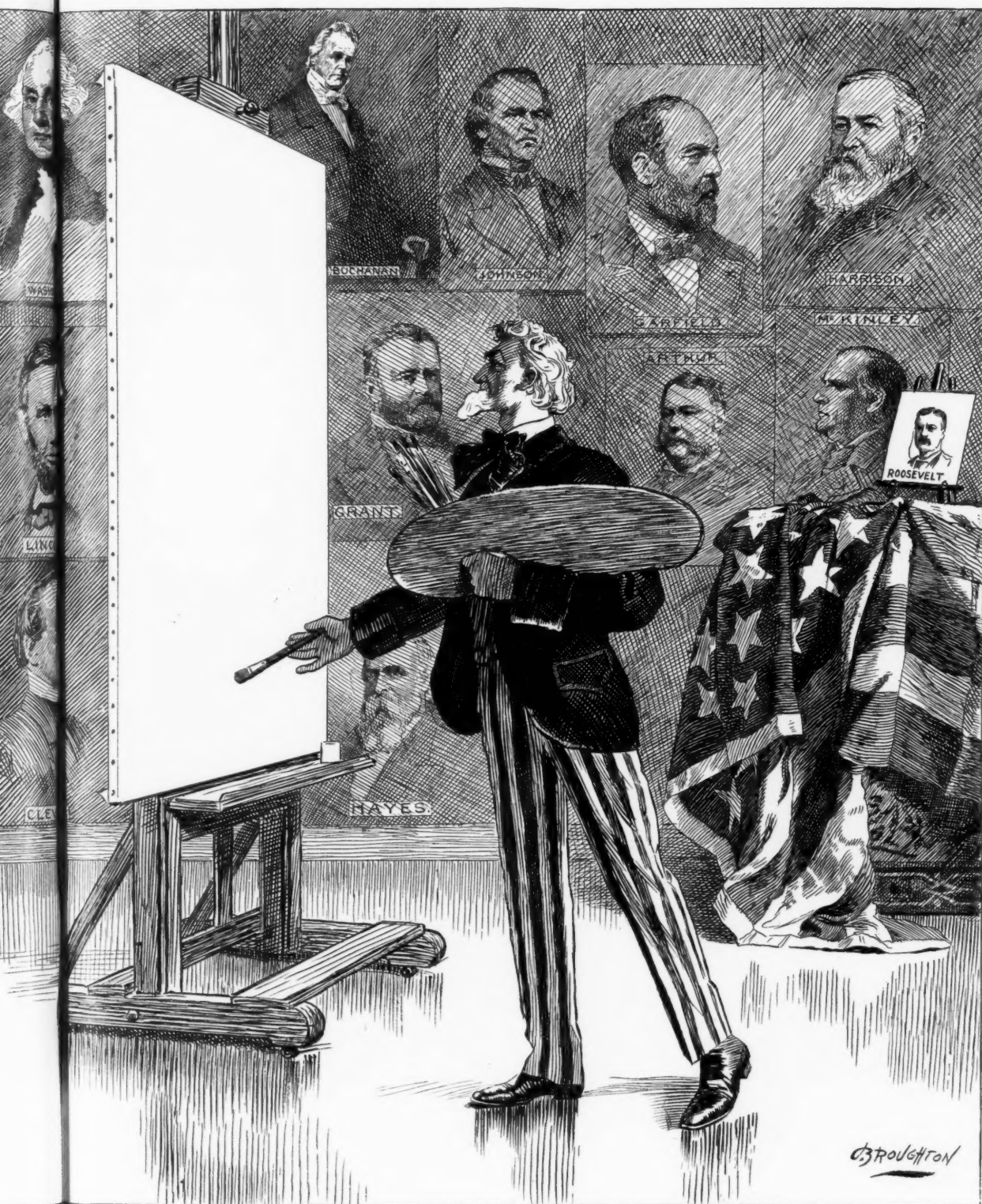
"THEY USED TO CALL ME A WILD YOUTH, YOU REMEMBER; BUT NOW——"

"NOW?"

"NOW THEY CALL ME AN OLD REPROBATE."









FROGVILLE SKETCH.

PROFESSOR HILL OPENS HIS OUTDOOR SCHOOL OF ART

### How Claude Won Out.

**C**LAUDE was the son of well-to-do, but intensely honest parents, and when he got to be old enough to read and write and do a little thinking of his own, his father said:

"My son, your mother and myself fairly ache with the responsibility of your bringing up, and this is fair notice that we are not going to let pass a single opportunity to make you just as good as you can be. Family prayers at seven-thirty, grace before meals, Bible reading at bedtime, Sunday-school and church on the Sabbath, and no whistling in between."

And so at the early age of four Claude got down to work.

At ten he knew the Pentateuch and the New Testament by heart, and could sit through a "tenthly" sermon without losing consciousness.

Then his dear old father took him aside once more and said:

"My boy, you are doing well. Remember that honesty is the best policy, and a liar is on the Broad Road to Destruction. No smoking cigarettes behind the barn. No swimming in the creek without professional aid. No matinees. And never say anything that you would be afraid to have printed in the church paper."

And Claude treasured up what the

old man said, and kept in the straight and narrow path.

At fifteen he was a leading member of the Y. M. C. A. At twenty-one his father gave him a gold watch because he didn't know the taste of rum, or three of a kind from two pair.

Then the old man took him aside once more and said:

"My son, you have done well. I am proud of you. It is now time to leave your parental nest and go out into the great world of temptation and make your own way. But fear not. Keep right on in the life you have been taught and all will be well."

And so Claude went out.

And after he had been gone some time, one of Claude's father's friends came around and said:

"How about Claude? Up to date I haven't seen his name in the police column."

"Claude's all right," said the old man.

And still another friend appeared and said:

"How about Claude? Has he run off with some one else's wife? Has he turned out a gambler or a drunkard? Isn't it about time the returns were coming in?"

The old man sighed. He was beginning to get a little anxious himself.



"OLGA, HAVE YOU SEEN MY COLLAR BUTTON?"

One day, however, there was the snort of an automobile in front, and Claude, accompanied by his private secretary, got out, and entering the house, laid a million at his father's feet.

"My dear old dad," he said, feelingly, "accept this slight testimonial of my esteem and admiration as a return for the early training you gave me."

His father trembled with joy.

"They told me I'd done wrong by you," he said. "That because I didn't have any wine on the table, when you'd break loose you'd make up for lost time."

"Nonsense," replied Claude.

"They predicted that you'd be in Canada or jail," said the old man.

"Not for me," replied Claude.

"But," persisted the old man, "how did you make such a grand success?"

"Easy enough," replied Claude. "I started a widow's and orphan's Bible class, and got them to have so much confidence in me that they eventually put all their savings into my hands."

T. M.



THE DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.





*Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone* fall in the comparatively small category of books eminently worth publishing, but worth reading only to a few. To the future seeker after historical side-lights and political cross-references they will be most valuable. To the man thoroughly at home in English politics of twenty years ago they will be deeply interesting. To the rest of mankind they will be non-existent.

In *The Picaroons* Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, joint authors of *The Reign of Queen Isyl*, have found the ideal vehicle for their Californian Nights' Entertainment tales. These stories of the romance of roguery are related by a down-at-heel company rounded up in the ten-cent joint of one Coffee John in 'Frisco, and they are the real thing. One reads and laughs and agrees with Coffee John that "human nature is certainly rum."

Florence M. Kingsley's story of *The Singular Miss Smith* is one more expression of the discontent with the artificiality of modern life which is finding voice in so many ways in current writing. The story is singularly uneven, with its crudities and its subtleties in contrasting juxtaposition, but it contains a germ of thought and amusing glimpses of life, and will repay reading without being a good novel.

*The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal Ad-Din of Isfahan*, a Persian rubaiyat of the thirteenth century, has been translated by Louis H. Gray and versified by Ethel Watts Mumford. Hamdulla Mustavfi, of Kazvin, writing a hundred years after Kamal's death, said of him that he had some dainty verses and some charming conceits. We fear that Hamdulla said all that there was to say. The new rubaiyat will make few converts in the ranks of the faithful. Omar is Omar, and Fitzgerald is his prophet.

Max Pemberton's annual contribution to the fiction of adventure is called this year *A Daughter of the States*, and its plot includes the shipwreck of a transatlantic liner, battle murder and sudden death on a blockade-running tramp steamer, a love story and a mystery. Mr. Pemberton's stories are good of their kind, and *A Daughter of the States* is not a bad Max Pemberton.

Two years' use of F. Schuyler Mathews' *Field Book of American Wild Flowers* has proven it a most handy and reliable volume, and we have watched with interest for his *Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music*, which has now appeared. Unfortunately, in spite of the author's key and explanations,

the musical scores must remain useless to non-readers of music, but they seem excellent when interpreted, and the text and reference lists promise to make the book as indispensable a companion as its predecessor.

Wee Macgregor? Dod aye, he's wi' us agin! Maester Bell, haein' found English but a puir laenguage, wi' nae muckle siller in't, hae een coom back till braw Scottish an' Wee Macgregor. Here's tae ye, Maester Bell, 'tis a wice mon kna's a guid thing when he claps een on't! *J. B. Kerfoot.*

*Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone.* Edited by Herbert Paul. (The Macmillan Company.)

*The Picaroons.* By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Singular Miss Smith.* By Florence Morse Kingsley. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*The Hundred Love Songs of Kamal Ad-Din of Isfahan.* (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

*A Daughter of the States.* By Max Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

*Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music.* By F. Schuyler Mathews. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.)

*Later Adventures of Wee Macgregor.* By J. J. Bell. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

## "The Treasure of the Humble."

AN exchange grows eloquent over the sturdy democracy of Mr. Roosevelt, who permits and encourages his children to associate—at least occasionally—with the children of the poor. One of these occasions is enthusiastically described, and we are assured with an earnestness that borders on solemnity: "There were no caste distinctions, the President's children and some of their playmates participating in the merriment along with the children of the humble."

I wonder where the "humble" are to be found in this land of social equality, and of unblushing self-assertion. And what are "caste distinctions"—antique and exquisite phrase—among a people who are taught, and presumably believe, that all men are born free and equal? Of poverty there is no lack, nor of ignorance, nor of degradation. But the poor are not of necessity the "lowly." On the contrary, they jostle the elbows of the rich, they march side by side with them along the highways of life, they are more prone to inflation than to abasement. The French artisan and the French peasant

are so convinced of their equality—in all the vital things that make for manhood—that they feel they can afford to treat the wealthy and well-born with admirable courtesy. Their manners are frank, cordial, and invariably polite. This lesson of amenity has still to be learned in the United States; but the absence of politeness does not necessarily imply the presence of humility. It merely means that we lack one of the essentials of civilization.

It is well to be humble. Mr. Maeterlinck has told us, in language that admits of no denial, what treasures lie in wait for those who dispossess themselves of pride. But the commonality do not make a close study of Maeterlinck. They do not practise virtues portrayed with such delicate bewilderment of phrase. Their standards are simpler and more robust. They "hold their own," and grasp at something more. And they will be patronized by no one. There is a pleasant sketch of Mr. Du Maurier's which represents a duchess of radical tendencies giving august permission to her small daughter to play in St. James' Park "with those nice little children of the people." The infant aristocrat proffers her splendid society, which is firmly and coldly rejected. "Our mother," explains a child of the people, "doesn't let us play with little girls we don't know."

What a terrible thing it would be, if this should happen nearer home!

*Agnes Repplier.*

## Vibrations.

PROFESSOR WINDCHESTY'S class in vibrations will meet tomorrow morning at the Waldorf as usual. Price nominal, or four dollars a head. Scholars will pay for their own refreshments and tip the waiters. Vibrations are the latest fad. Join at once, and be in the intellectual swim.

Red vibrations mean anger. When you shut your eyes and see red, you have been insulted by a Broadway conductor, or your cook is saying things about you.

Orange vibrations are strength and constancy. Think in deep orange, if possible, and your auto will never break down.

Green vibrations indicate literary output. Take on the green current

and write a best seller in six days.

Blue vibrations are actinic in action, and should be used sparingly and only between meals as a moral tonic.

When you have sky-blue green vibrations all together, look out for Bloomingdale.

To vibrate properly, lie on your back and think of a door knob, paying yourself two dollars as a retainer.

Consult Professor Windchesty as often as possible. Not necessary to meet him in person. Remit by check or postal order, and when he gets the cash you'll begin to feel the benefit.

*Addison Fox, Jr.*

### The Religious Life.

THEN I saw in my dream that Christian overtook one whose name was Talkative.

"What cheer, good brother?" said Christian. "Is it well with you, and how fare you on the way?"

"But poorly," answered Talkative.

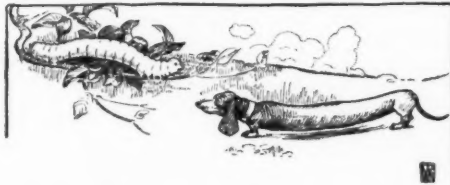
"Then we may have some serious discourse," said Christian; "for such things soothe the mind, and make us think we think."

"With all my heart," replied Talkative.

Then Christian spoke to him about four pages and three-quarters without any paragraphs, and recounted to him the multiplication table, which is an evidence of divine law, and the 119th Psalm with a commentary, and some other improving matters.

"This is profitable discourse," quoth Talkative; "I—"

Christian answered, "Nay, Brother, I fear



*The Caterpillar:* WHAT BRANCH OF THE FAMILY DO YOU BELONG TO?

"MY BOY, I FORGIVE YOU FOR RUNNING AWAY WITH MY DAUGHTER."

*The Groom:* BUT I CAN NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR LETTING ME!

that you speak but words; but beware of the various heresies from Galileo's to Mary Fakir Eddy's, into which Satan has beguiled Mankind; of which I will now give you a full account, after I have shewn to you how the spirit moveth in the

heart of man."

"We know," said Talkative, "but little of the power of Silence, but we have had a power of talk."

Then Talkative dropped behind, and in a little while I saw him no more.

*Bolton Hall.*



THE PIKER'S RUBAIYAT.

I.

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight  
The Stars that twinkle through the summer night  
Has risen o'er St. Louis, schedule time,  
And throws athwart the Pike a shaft of light.

II.

Before the phantom of False Morning died  
Methought a Piker in the Tavern cried,  
"When rates are Seven-twenty-five per hour,  
Why lurk, my fellow citizens, inside?"

III.

And, as the Cock Crew, those who ceased to snore  
Bolted precipitately for the Door,  
And having seen the Pike but yesterday  
Went sneaking back, intent on seeing More.

IV.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Chicago's Midway, most magnificent.  
And many a Deacon, yea, and many a Saint  
Crept softly through the Door wherein I went.

V.

Some for the Art Exhibits pine, and some  
Flock where the Pistons and the Drive Wheels hum;  
Ah, take the Pictures; gaze at the machines.  
Give me the Pike—all else is for the Dumb.

VI.

Think, in this canvas Caravanseraï  
Where Turkish instruments of torture play,  
How dancer after dancer from the East  
Startles the Spinster and the whiskered Jay!

VII.

Strange, is it not, that of the Deacons who  
Before us passed the canvas gateway through  
Not one comes forth who tells us of the Dance  
Which, to discover, we must witness too?



PLUCKED!

VIII.

I asked a Jasper who had strolled within,  
"My friend, what means yon Oriental din?"  
He only answered, "Wal, by heck, it's great!"  
And pensively he stroked his bearded chin.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A SMALL BOY'S DIARY.

There is a certain nine-year-old kid in this city who is keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative, and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it, he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries:

"I am nine years old to-day. Looked in the glass, but whiskers aint sproutin' yet."

"Sassed a boy. Got lickt."

"Pop borrid ten cents for carfair. that makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if Ile ever get it."

"Jimmie—stole my ball. I lickt him for it."

"Ast Pop for some of my money and he giv me a nickil. I want that doler."

"We feloes got up a base ball club to-day. Ime picher. If I had that doler 15 I could get a unaform."

"Pop got paid to-day and giv me my money."

"Mamma borrid a doler. Dam these people any way. A feloe cant save nothin'."

"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my money ware carfair aint so skarse."

"Got lickt again."

There was more of this, but "Pop" had read enough. As a result, there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay five per cent. a week interest, and settle every payday. The kid got his "unaform."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A BORE is a man who tells the smart things his baby said when you want to be telling the smarter things yours said.—Baltimore American.

KWOTER: After all, "Truth is stranger than fiction," you know.

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—Philadelphia Press.

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# WILSON WHISKEY That's All!



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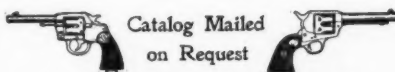
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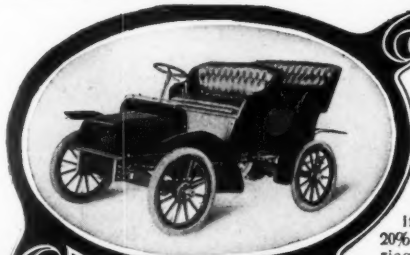
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Educated in a  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE,  
Studied in a  
CARNEGIE LIBRARY.  
At the Age of 30 He Became a  
CARNEGIE HERO,  
And Has Now Gone to Be with  
CARNEGIE.

—Portland Oregonian.

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"Say, where do poets come in over there?"

"Same place they do here."

"Where's that?"

"Among the illustrious dead."—Chicago Record-Herald.

LIKE the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface.

He was at once beset by interviewers, says the author of "Out of the Past," who asked the usual questions.

"What was the thing which most impressed you in America?" was one of these. Without a moment's hesitation Dean Stanley replied:

"My own ignorance."—Exchange.

WHY not Hearst for Secretary of the Treasury if he can't get first place? He certainly knows how to put money into circulation.—Chicago News.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.

SEVERAL small Japanese generals, at last accounts, were accompanying the great war correspondents to the front.—The New York Evening Mail.

MISTRESS: Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frogs' legs?

NORA: Sure, mum, I dinnaw. He wore pants.—Cornell Widow.

"GOODNESS!" exclaimed the nervous visitor, "what vulgar little hoodlums those noisy boys are out there in the street!"

"I can't see them," said the hostess. "I'm rather near-sighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear how they're shouting and carrying on."

"Yes, but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors."—Philadelphia Press.

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SHE: That new boarder who came to-day has a beautiful olive complexion.

HE: Well, after she's been here a few weeks I guess she'll have a prune complexion.—Yonkers Statesman.

"SHAY, offisher," began the belated citizen, "I—hic—want you t' shee me home. You—hic—know where my housh is, don't you?"

"Let me see," mused the policeman. "What's the name of your cook?"—Chicago News.

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